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SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA

HOW BELGIUM TOOK THE CONGO LOSS

STANFORD UNIVERSITY



DICK SARGENT



Mrs. Raymond Rubicam, left, entertains Mrs. Frank Lloyd Wright (in pink hat) and others at a poolside luncheon at the Arizona Biltmore Hotel. The Biltmore, constructed in the late 1920's, was the first of the plush resort hotels in the Scottsdale-Phoenix area.

The Town Millionaires Built

Scottsdale, Arizona, is a dazzling Western town full of culture, offbeat enterprises and money, money, money. . . .

By Peter Wyden

Heading into the desert northeast of Phoenix ten years ago, you could drive through Scottsdale, Arizona, in less than a minute and almost without knowing it. This is precisely what just about everybody did. Why slow down for a dusty crossroads dozing along without even a sign announcing its name?

Nowadays, passing through Scottsdale is not only more time consuming; it's hardly ever done. Practically everyone stops to look, and more and more of the lookers linger on, for what they find is an increasingly uncommon phenomenon—a small town with a flavor all its own. An only-in-America formula of sunshine, migrants and money, money, money caused it to flourish, and the end product is somewhat bewildering.

Scottsdale is, first off, a boom town. The population shot up from 4000 to 12,000 in the last five years and is expected to reach 120,000 by 1980. Choice commercial property, worth \$1000 an acre some years ago, gets gobbled up today for \$40,000 an acre. But in Scottsdale, which calls itself "the West's most Western town," the inevitable wheeling and dealing is at least a bit camouflaged. Western-style architecture is prescribed by ordinance for all business buildings, old-time gas lights have been installed along the streets, and the signs at the city limits assert: HORSES HAVE THE RIGHT OF WAY.

There is a good deal less to this cowboy act than meets the eye. One of the few businesses that failed in Scottsdale was an enterprise offering rides in an authentic stagecoach. Motor traffic was just too heavy. The movie-set façade, however, is just one of the town's many faces. It's the center of luxury resorts and a poorer-than-poor Indian reservation; an art colony and shoppes as fashionable as on Fifth Avenue. With downtown Phoenix only twelve miles away, it has become a suburb with rows and rows of \$12,000 homes; yet it has also blossomed into an oasis for millionaires from all over the country—some say fifty; others smile and pronounce the figure absurdly low.

As one of the resort keepers puts it: "A feller around here dies and you've been thinking of him as just another feller, and the estate is probated at a couple of millions."

Money-spending is the favorite sport. Scottsdale has no Fourth Avenue and no Sixth, but locally designed dresses run up to \$300 on its very own two-block-long Fifth Avenue. The hinterland, some 150,000 square miles known as Paradise Valley, is beginning to be liberally sprinkled with ultramodern homes costing \$50,000 to \$400,000. A residence without a swimming pool is a curiosity. A trifle beyond lies the nation's thickest concentration of ranches devoted to breeding magnificent Arabian show horses to the specifications of the ranch owners, mostly retired Eastern and Midwestern businessmen.

Name-dropping is another popular avocation. Waiting for your "luscious Luluburger"—hamburger—at the Lulu Belle restaurant, a \$1,000,000-a-year culinary gold mine dressed down with clapboard, wagon wheels and

shingles, you may sit within eyeshot of Bing Crosby or the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Resting up at Elizabeth Arden's health resort, Maine Chance, you may count calories with Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower or Rosalind Russell.

But these are mere tourists. There are plenty of droppable names right among the residents. The Mr. Morton who paints is indeed a retired officer of the salt-manufacturing empire bearing his name. The Mrs. McCormick who sometimes wears ankle-length mink over her Indian-squaw dresses is indeed the spouse of the former board chairman of International Harvester. Dollars amassed in soap, oil, banking—and whatever else built big fortunes in sooty cities—are finding an agreeable outlet in Scottsdale.

Everyone is more or less a newcomer and expects to be left alone. The locals have become acclimated to the pursuits of the great by such sights as the late architect Frank Lloyd Wright, cape and cane flying, swooping down on his favorite hardware store; or the peacefully grazing herd of goats which supplied health-lifting milk to the Cleveland electrical manufacturer who lately passed away at ninety-three. Little comment is occasioned by the mining king whose dinner table features as the centerpiece a substantial hunk of gold, or the retired Chicagoan whose desert ranch has come to include a five-acre artificial lake with boats and lighted waterfalls.

Few loaf for long. There is a contingent of transcontinental commuters who drop off their families for four to eight months a year at their mansions in "The Valley," but stay only a few days or weeks at a time themselves. Former



The "West's most Western town," Scottsdale, drew almost 40,000 people for the *Parada Del Sol* last January. Except for the summer heat, which may reach 118 degrees, the town has near-perfect weather most of the time.



The shacks of the Pima Indians provide a striking contrast with the opulence of Scottsdale's Paradise Valley. Scottsdale and two other rapidly expanding towns, Mesa and Tempe, are closing in on the Pimas' reservation.



Charles Schumacher, a Scottsdale artist, working on a "glass in cement" panel for a Phoenix church.

Sen. William Benton (*Encyclopaedia Britannica et al.*) keeps flying off to New York. Vernon B. Stouffer heads for Cleveland to run the Stouffer restaurant chain; Boone Gross for Boston, where he is president of the Gillette Safety Razor Company; and Ernest Breech, former board chairman of Ford Motor Company for Detroit, where he still chairs Ford's finance committee. Some notables merely park their wives in the sun and rarely appear in person.

Many who come to retire find it equally difficult to sit still. Raymond Rubicam, for example, cofounder of Young and Rubicam, the advertising agency, retired as board chairman in 1944 at fifty-two. In search of a winter vacation spot less crowded than Florida, he and his wife came to Phoenix and stayed at the first of the big resorts that lured the carriage trade to the area—the Arizona Biltmore, eight miles west of Scottsdale. Opened in 1929, it is now surrounded by the homes of such winter residents as Henry and Clare Boothe Luce, Mrs. Vincent Astor and the E. A. Cudahys (meat packing).

The Rubicams felt at home right away. At dinner they saw Bruce Barton, the advertising man, and Roy Howard, the publisher. On the tennis court they ran into Bill Benton. They liked the local people ("Everybody calls you by first name") and, after a while of missing the East's greenery, they fell in love with the desert, its own special plumage and the barren mountains that sometimes loom so stark and, in softer light, seem distant and unreal.

Each winter the Rubicams returned and stayed longer. In 1948 they quit New York and

purchased a home on Jackrabbit Road, just outside Scottsdale. They still spend four months a year in Maine, but consider Arizona their real home. Rubicam began buying land at \$40 to \$87.50 an acre and started selling some of it to subdividers in 1956 at \$2000 ("Today I could get \$5000"). A muscular figure with a command voice, a restless walk and a cavalry mustache, he was not the type to watch idly while this sort of thing was popping all around. So he helped start a water company with thirty customers and now has 1200. He became an organizer of one of the five golf clubs that have sprung up, the Paradise Valley Country Club, which has a current waiting list of around 200. He accepted directorships in the Phoenix Symphony, a bank and an investment company. He bought more land, a business building and an interest in a shopping center. He has an office and a full-time secretary in his \$225,000 house, but never felt less harried.

"Being part of this was like founding Young and Rubicam," he booms. "Starting something from nothing! The effect of this climate on me is invigorating! You have lots of energy! You want to do things! You wake up in the morning and it's a joy to be alive!"

Less-active types manage nicely by discovering new interests that do not entail the encumbrances of ever-increasing wealth. Robert Aste, for instance, sold out his Griffin Manufacturing Company (shoe polish) in 1955, arrived in Scottsdale as a vacationer soon afterward and quickly decided to remain for good. He switched eagerly from his Park Avenue apartment to a spacious home in The Valley and, upon seeing

an exhibition of Arabian horses, decided that he was really a horse breeder at heart.

Today it would be difficult to find a more dedicated Westerner even on the TV screen. Short, baldish and with a remarkable resemblance to comedian Ed Wynn, Aste is rarely without his big-brimmed straw cowboy hat, his boots and his riding crop. His paunch encased in tight riding pants, he drawls pityingly about "those folks back there" in the East and likes to invite callers at his Desert Arabian Ranch to "just stand there and listen to the silence!"

The ranch has been known to make a visitor wish he were a horse. Built and stocked by Aste at an estimated cost of roughly \$1,000,000, it sprawls for 145 acres around a low-slung, desert-pink barn. Infrared bulbs keep each of the fifty-odd horses cozy. There is also complete fluorescent lighting, an "office" with kitchen and enough rooms to house a family, a 150-car parking lot for visitors to Aste's horse shows and an intercom system connecting every stall with the apartment of the trainer, who can thus monitor disturbing nocturnal horse coughs. Everything is spotless and odorless.

Other refugees from executive suites find fertile new fields for old hobbies. Lewis J. Ruskin, who started as a pharmacist's helper and became president of several drugstore chains headquartered in Chicago, began bringing his family to Scottsdale for dude-ranch vacations in 1942. In 1951 he bought a winter home and commuted to Chicago for one week each month. Last year, having retired at fifty-five, he moved into a new two-story concrete home of natural (Continued on Page 78)



Lloyd Kiva, background, and an Indian aide unfold a fabric pattern designed and printed by Kiva.



Perferm Erné Wittels offers a whiff of one of his custom blends in his "Snifferie Shop."



Students hold a play rehearsal at Taliesin West, the architectural school founded by Frank Lloyd Wright twenty-three years ago near Scottsdale.



Robert and Peggy Aste in front of their costly horse barn, where each "horse suite" has a microphone connected with the trainer's apartment.



Art connoisseur Lewis Ruskin gave the Phoenix Art Museum 24 masterpieces worth \$1,500,000 as an opening-day gift.



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The Town Millionaires Built

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gray, 300 feet above The Valley. It stands on a platform blasted out of Mummy Mountain ("We bought the mountain") and is sufficiently commodious not to seem overdecorated by one Rembrandt, a Rubens, a Botticelli, a Frans Hals, a Fra Angelico and numerous lesser paintings.

Ruskin does not merely collect art. For years he has been donating paintings to whatever institutions he feels will make the most effective educational use of them. Last year he gave the new Phoenix art museum an "opening-day present" of twenty-four masterpieces valued at \$1,500,000. Until recently, one room in his home was used just to store more paintings he hopes to give away. This hoard has now been moved to a safer place, but some of it remains earmarked for a multimillion-dollar Fine Arts Center designed by the late Frank Lloyd Wright. The center is beginning to be built at Arizona State University in nearby Tempe. The proponents and chief lobbyists for the project: Ruskin and a local banker, Walter Bimson.

"The Arizona way of life is a way that lengthens life," says Ruskin, as he tugs at his shelves to exhibit a Goya and a Lorenzo Lotto. "None of this has the slightest validity if it is not accompanied by respect for the enduring values."

Ruskin has divorced himself from all income-producing endeavors. "You have to make choices," he observes. "If I spent one minute on a business matter and it makes money, there would be a temptation to examine the next one." Instead, he is fulfilling a childhood ambition by learning to play the piano, and practices two hours daily.

Some newcomers who are less amply situated have managed to transfer their work to a Scottsdale setting. Most of them, like George Petty, the Petty-girl illustrator, are semiretired. Others, like Dr. Nicholas Dallis, a forty-eight-year-old psychiatrist from Toledo, Ohio, deliberately gave up some of their income for a more endurable life. Since 1948 Doctor Dallis has been creating the highly successful comic strip, *Rex Morgan, M.D.* Four years later he started another hit comic, *Judge Parker*. Doctor Dallis' illustrators live in Toledo, Barrington, Illinois, and Tucson, Arizona; it costs an average of \$300 monthly to keep in touch with them by phone. But neither this inconvenience nor giving up his \$50,000-a-year medical practice made the doctor rue the decision to settle permanently in Scottsdale last year.

In Toledo he used to sweat over his comics from four to eight A.M. ("I got so damned tired of a minute-by-minute schedule I had to get out or I'd have needed a psychiatrist"). Now he works four days a week from noon to six P.M., plays a lot of golf and says, "I never know the hour and frequently have to stop and think what day it is. It's wonderful."

Except for the summer heat—up to 118 degrees—the area is endowed with near-perfect weather much of the time. Of all United States cities, only Yuma, Arizona, catches less rainfall than Phoenix, and only Tucson averages just a shade more sun. This has influenced just about all migrants into the area except the first: the Pima Indians. They're still in their shabby shacks and mud huts at the eastern edge of town. Scottsdale's founding father, however, an Army chaplain named Winfield Scott who staked out his homestead in 1882, spotted its prime asset. He solicited testimonials from physicians, one of whom even

volunteered back in 1895, that "here there is an opportunity for a successful and delightful winter resort hotel."

Nothing much happened until the late 1920's, when the Arizona Biltmore materialized in the forbidding-looking style characterized by wags as "a cross between early penitentiary and late Pullman." It was barely kept going through the depression by an emergency infusion of \$1,000,000 from the Wrigley family of Chicago. The Wrigleys still own the hotel and their private forty-two-room mansion on the mountaintop above it. Slowly at first, other resorts appeared. Now there are several excellent resort hotels in the area.

Snow Fence

By Herbert Merrill

When summer fills the valley's cup,
These scarlet pickets are rolled up
To make red bundles in the clover
That fat, sun-drowsy cows graze over.
But when October snaps with cold,
The scarlet pickets are unrolled
And fastened upright in a row
To make a stand against the snow.
You might think only fools would try
Holding back the winter sky
With fragile spiderwebs of wood,
But you'd be wrong, and if I could
I'd fence myself about to keep
Time from drifting me too deep.

Among the pioneers who came as resort guests and stayed to build homes was Clarence Budington Kelland, veteran novelist and author of *Saturday Evening Post* serials. He arrived in a trailer in 1936 in the course of a cross-country tour. *The Post* wanted a novel with a trailer background and Kelland was collecting material. The serial appeared under the title *FUGITIVE FATHER*, but not until after Kelland had sold the trailer in Arizona and settled down ("The Valley was so bloody beautiful"). Eventually he served sixteen years as Republican National Committeeman from Arizona. He still lives in Scottsdale from November to April and spends the rest of the year in his Oyster Bay, Long Island, home.

Frank Lloyd Wright arrived a few months after Kelland. He had had pneumonia and came to convalesce at one of the inns. Three years previously he had founded Taliesin, an "apprentice school of architecture" near Madison, Wisconsin. His students learned not only in the drafting room but also by lugging bricks to build their Wright-style campus and washing their own dishes. Wright had been searching for a spectacular site

where he could live in style—and his boys could build—during the winter. In 1937 he acquired 640 acres at the foot of the McDowell Mountains, fifteen miles north of Scottsdale, and commanded his followers to construct Taliesin West.

Today it is a still-unfinished mecca for up to 500 Sunday tourists. For one dollar each they may gaze at a ramble of long, low, stone-and-glass structures almost lost among terraces, gardens, courtyards, fountains and desert flowers. Neither the master's death last year nor the "horrifying" growth of Scottsdale has dimmed the spirits of the disciples. Shepherded by Wright's widow and a faculty of practicing architects headed by his son-in-law, William Wesley Peters, they expect to carry on. "If it gets too terrible," says Mrs. Wright, "we can move farther into the mountains and build ourselves another Taliesin."

The initial stirrings of the "terrible" came after World War II. Among the first to sniff the commercial possibilities was Malcolm White, a former motorcycle deputy in the sheriff's office who ran Whitey's Café at the corner of Scottsdale Road and Main Street and vividly recalls days when he grossed nine to ten dollars a day, mostly from beer. There was plenty of cash around, but it hung heavily in the well-tailored trousers of the tourists. Attracted by more air-conditioning, better plane service and the crowding of more familiar watering places, they were now pouring into the hotels in the countryside. The problem was to lure them into Scottsdale.

White approached his bank for a \$15,000 loan. "They laughed and said the whole town wasn't worth that," he remembers. Nevertheless, he wheedled enough credit to build and lease out a grocery store, then a drugstore, a dress shop and the T-Bar-T theater, which has since been sold, renamed Kiva and shows only "art" movies. All of White's buildings, and all the ones he put up later, featured overhanging sidewalks, false Western fronts and frontier-style lettering. He sketched the plans himself: "I'd just think about pictures of towns I'd seen that looked Western." The tourists ate it up. White became a millionaire and, when Scottsdale was incorporated in 1951, its first mayor.

By that time other entrepreneurs were getting the message. Elizabeth Arden, shopping for a place where the staff of her health farm in Maine could continue its ministrations in the winter season, bought a forty-five acre estate with luxurious cottages and two swimming pools at the edge of town. She hired Frank Lloyd Wright to design an appropriate edifice, then fired him and remodeled what she found. She hired three decorators and fired two. She slapped paint on wallpaper she disliked. Finally the production was declared complete and she imported her health experts.

A staff of fifty now cares for a maximum of thirty-two clients. Among the alumnae: Perle Mesta, Clare Boothe Luce, Edna Ferber, Mary Pickford and Oveta Culp Hobby. For two weeks, at \$500 to \$550 a week, the ladies live in the "Upper Garden of Arden" or the "Lower Garden of Arden." Most of them starve noisily on a daily ration of 800 to 900 calories, which permits such occasional delicacies as home-made buttermilk sherbet. Their torsos lathered with costly creams and wrapped in one-piece blue uniforms, they pant through heavy schedules of calisthenics and dancing.

"They come out absolutely dripping," says one of the managers happily.

As the town shook off its dust and put on Western make-up for the vacationers, it naturally attracted new enterprises to

separate the strangers from their bank-rolls. Luckily the first wave of outside operators included artists and craftsmen of taste and imagination. Among those who set up shop in the stalls of an abandoned icehouse was Lloyd New, now forty-four, the youngest of ten children of a near-destitute white Oklahoma farmer and his Cherokee wife. With the help of a Government scholarship, Lloyd had managed to get a degree in art education in Chicago and then settled in Phoenix to teach art at a Bureau of Indian Affairs school. During the war he was a lieutenant in the Seabees. On his return, the Scottsdale icehouse was just opening. New changed his name to Kiva, which is the Hopi term for a ceremonial chamber, hired a couple of Navajos and started making leather handbags, billfolds and moccasins.

They were not the usual tourist-trap products. Still, Kiva was broke within two months. He consulted a banker friend who responded with some capital and a lesson in economics. The bags Kiva was selling for twenty-five dollars, the banker said, had to be priced at eighty-five dollars to yield a profit and impress customers. So Lloyd marked up his prices and has prospered ever since. He founded Fifth Avenue, building and renting all its sixty shops. In his own store local artisans still fashion the bags, which he refuses to sell

People who go on diets always lose something—if only their self-control.

D. O. FLYNN

to department stores. They also turn out gold-leaf-on-leather skirts (\$179), black antelope coats (\$289) and white kidskin capes (\$375). But the wiry, soft-spoken Kiva is rarely on the premises. He is getting his hands dirty in a shed in back of the shop where he designs and hand-prints fabrics for his dresses.

One of Kiva's newest tenants is Erné Wittels, a bald, bearded former blender for Lucien LeLong and other greats, who advertises himself as "America's only custom perfumer." Erné, thirty-six, came from Minneapolis to shake his arthritis and a—for a perfumer—disabling sinus condition. Now fully recovered, he draws on more than 1000 scents to concoct any formula a client demands. He does 500 per cent more business than in Minnesota and last Christmas found himself two months behind in filling orders.

Down the street John Bonnell, an uninhibited former shipping clerk from Waynesburg, Pennsylvania, who became an Indian trader, runs his factory-store, the White Hogan. Customers watch as four Navajo silversmiths, two of whom own an interest in the business, shape such specialties as contoured headbands (\$15) and domino sets of silver and ironwood that require 372 hours of labor and weigh four pounds (\$1200). Scottsdale has other sources of authentic workmanship; for example, Camelback Galleries, whose owner, Herbert (Junie) Pratt, sixty, son of the late board chairman of Socony-Vacuum, plugs regional painters. But there are also plenty of emporiums that peddle junk. "Not only the buildings have false fronts around this town," scoffs John Bonnell.

While Scottsdale boomed, so did its big neighbor. Between 1950 and 1960, the population of Phoenix more than quadrupled to an estimated 434,000. Industry flocked in, especially electronics plants. Motorola corporation started a research laboratory in 1950 and now employs



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3200 who make transistors and other equipment. AiResearch Manufacturing Company—parts for planes and missiles—started the same year with a payroll of 170, now employs 3800. Workers in these and other factories wanted suburban homes, and the most prestigious suburb was Scottsdale.

By last year between 120 and 150 homes averaging around \$12,000 were being sold each month. Many are the product of jolly 210-pound John C. Hall, thirty-six, a Missouri farm boy who came to Phoenix during World War II.

The Army had rejected him because of lung trouble. He worked at a filling station and as a carpenter's apprentice. In 1950, after three years as a foreman of a building crew, he went into the construction business. His capital was \$1000, and he built one home at a time. Today some 500 "Hallcraft" houses are going up simultaneously, and Hall owns 70 per cent of four corporations which are worth \$2,000,000.

Not everyone equates his success with civic progress. "My wife says Scottsdale is ruined," Hall says. "She says I helped

ruin it because we brought people in." Her husband differs. "Does anything ever stay the same?" he asks. "I think we've given a lot of people the opportunity to live here. I think they enjoy it."

Most of his customers do, although the temptation to keep up with the rich Joneses in The Valley sometimes jars their budgets. Most of the businessmen are delighted too. Elaborate new resorts have been sprouting up right in and around town, and they seem to embark on expansion projects just about as soon as they open their doors.

Thus far the infant city government has coped with the inundation. Scottsdale still has no jail—prisoners are boarded with a neighboring town for ten dollars a day. But its police force now numbers twelve, and there are a two-year-old sewer system and a 400-car municipal parking lot. "It's nerve-racking, but I couldn't get better experience anywhere." So said Scottsdale's first city manager, Gordon W. Allison. Later he sacked his police chief in a civic dust-up and was, in turn, himself fired by the city council.

There are less obtrusive problems. Rootlessness and boredom are more common than in most communities. The Rev. Herbert Landes, forty, a handsome former Marine Corps chaplain who started the Valley Presbyterian Church with a congregation of thirty-five in 1956 and has watched it grow beyond 1200, spends much of his time on personal counseling. "People come here for a new life," he says. "The moral traditions aren't built up. They press their new freedom and get themselves fouled up."

Scottsdale has more than its share of lonely women. Some are widows, like Mrs. Wallace Beery or Mrs. Serge Koussevitzky, wife of the late conductor. Some keep busy. Others wait for one party to the next. Attendance at a recent meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous, Scottsdale chapter, exceeded 150.

The aesthetes are getting restless. They scoff that the new Woolworth building is the biggest in town; that its overhangs and cornices can hardly be called authentic Western; and that ever since a meeting of architects failed to agree on a definition of "Western" style, the authorities have been approving all manner of buildings as long as they were embroidered with Longhorn heads and wagon wheels.

What will Scottsdale be like ten years from now? "The way they're going now it'll look like hell," says a local architect. The crafts colony tends to agree. John Bonnell wants to move his silversmiths to a less frenetic atmosphere. Lloyd Kiva would like to start a desert art school for Indians. George Cavalliere, the village blacksmith who has grown prosperous turning out as much as \$4000 worth of wrought-iron fireplaces and other accessories for a single home, has staked out the site for his future shop on a far-off mountain pass where people won't be "wantin' everything in five minutes."

Mayor Mort Kimsey, seventy-one, who arrived in Scottsdale in 1917 ("I could have bought all of Paradise Valley for twenty-five cents an acre"), shares the disenchantment of many old-timers, especially those who somehow didn't make a million. "There's a lot of high-speed stuff going on around here," he complains. "Cocktail parties and silly masquerades in the country club with everybody dressed up like ten-year-olds. We used to have time to sit down and visit without this bustling around and everybody tryin' to grab a nickel out of somebody else's pocket."

The well-to-do, watching how the calm and charm that brought them to Scottsdale are evaporating almost hourly, cling to a standard consolation. "We can always move to Carefree," they say. Carefree happens to be a town that does not yet exist except for two homes, a couple of business buildings and a gas station. It is an expertly laid-out parcel of land on a mountain slope twenty miles north of Scottsdale. The lots, most of which are already sold, hug such streets as Nonchalant Avenue and Never Mind Trail. There is room for a population of 6000. "When it gets bigger," says its chief promoter, real-estate man Tom Darlington, "we'll just start another town." THE END

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